



**THE MAKEMIE MONUMENT.**

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### THE DEDICATION OF MAKEMIE MEMORIAL PARK AND MONUMENT.

The year 1906 was observed by the Presbyterian Church in the United States of America as the bicentenary of its formal organization. The chief figure in the creation of the original Presbytery was Francis Makemie of Virginia. He was the first Moderator. In view of this fact, the Council of The Presbyterian Historical Society was asked to consider a proposition to buy the site of Makemie's grave and erect thereon a suitable monument. This was favorably received, and Dr. McCook, accompanied by a member of the Society, visited the traditional site to investigate and report upon the condition of affairs.

These gentlemen reported that they had located the private cemetery in which Makemie and his family had been buried on the eastern bank of Holden's Creek, Accomack County, Virginia, an affluent of Pocomoke Sound. This confirmed the views of the Rev. Dr. L. P. Bowen and Dr. J. T. B. McMaster, made public some thirty years before.<sup>1</sup> Thereupon the Council approved the purpose announced by the Rev. Dr. Henry C. McCook, President of The Presbyterian Historical Society, to undertake the purchase of the property and the building of a suitable monument.

The entail which theretofore had prevented the sale of the

<sup>1</sup> See Dr. Bowen's *The Days of Makemie*, pp. 546-549.

land had just expired, and the ground could be bought; but the heirs refused to sell separate from the farm the only part desired by the Society—the cemetery site. Accordingly, the entire farm, a part of that owned by Francis Makemie, and on which was his dwelling place, was bought. Three acres, covering the site of the cemetery and original house, were set aside, and the remainder sold to John Cullen, a lineal descendant of John Milligan, to whom Makemie's daughter, Mrs. Anne Holden, had left the property.

The General Assembly of 1907 (see Minutes of that year, p. 215) adopted the following:

*Whereas*, The graveyard where Francis Makemie lies buried has been redeemed from its past neglect, and has been purchased for The Presbyterian Historical Society and is in its keeping; and

*Whereas*, The General Assembly by resolution on Overtures from the Synod of Baltimore and the Presbytery of New Castle, in 1898, endorsed the proposition to erect a monument to Francis Makemie, and to endow his first and favorite church at Rehoboth, Maryland; therefore, be it

*Resolved by this Assembly*, That the movement to erect such a monument and endow the Rehoboth Church, be endorsed anew, and commended to the patriotism and Christian spirit of the whole Church; and that a Committee of five be appointed, who shall, without charge to the Assembly, proceed with all diligence to collect the sum of \$8,000 for a monument, which shall be under the care of The Presbyterian Historical Society; and the further sum of \$10,000, which shall be held by the Trustees of the Assembly for an endowment for the Rehoboth Church.

The committee appointed (see Minutes of the General Assembly of 1907, p. 251) consisted of Drs. Henry C. McCook and Mervin J. Eckels, of Philadelphia, and Dr. Donald Guthrie, of Baltimore, ministers; and Alfred Percival Smith, Esq., of Philadelphia, and Mr. Emerson G. Polk, of Pocomoke City, Maryland, elders.

Under the leadership of Dr. McCook, the committee made the following gratifying report to the next General Assembly (see Minutes of the Assembly of 1908, pp. 75-77):

The work of redeeming from desecration the grave of Francis Makemie was well under way when your venerable body honored the



THE MEMORIAL OF MAKEMIE'S FAMILY.

effort with your approval. The Presbyterian Historical Society had undertaken this duty as especially appropriate to its mission, hoping to complete it before the close of the bicentennial year, as a crowning act of that great anniversary. But insuperable obstacles in obtaining possession of the property hindered our plan in that respect. But the work has now been completed. The old Makemie farm was purchased, and three acres thereof retained as a park. This included the site of the old Makemie family cemetery, which, according to the then prevailing custom, was placed near the residence. The original dwelling had long been destroyed, and the farmhouse on the place was removed. The whole three acres were cleared of barns and outhouses; the ground was graded, sown to lawn grass, and surrounded with a privet hedge. A granite base, with a statue of Makemie in the attitude of preaching, and looking toward Rehoboth, his old-time church on the Pocomoke River, which is in view, has been erected, and protected by a circular iron open fence. The monument stands about seventeen feet high. Further, there has been placed a mausoleum faced with broken bricks from the ruined table tombs and the house, and bearing a suitable inscription to the wife and children and other kindred of the family, buried within the enclosure. . . .

The statue was unveiled and the grounds dedicated with suitable ceremonies on the 14th of May, A. D. 1908, a date nearly corresponding with the 200th anniversary of Makemie's death. An interesting feature of the order of exercises which does not appear, was an adjourned meeting of the Presbytery of New Castle, whose bounds cover the original Makemie churches now surviving in southern Maryland. Many other ministers and ruling elders from our own as well as from the Southern Church and other Protestant communions, sat as corresponding members.

Your Committee has pleasure in stating that our Historical Society has raised all the money required to pay all expenses attending this difficult and complicated enterprise, except about \$250.00, for the final landscape gardening of the ground and the placing of a small stone to mark the site of the old Makemie house. Besides, the sum of \$1,000 has been raised and invested as a fund to keep the grounds and monument in permanent repair.

As stated in the foregoing report to the General Assembly of 1908, "the statue was unveiled and the grounds dedicated with suitable ceremonies on the 14th of May, A. D. 1908." The day was almost ideally beautiful, and in the air there was a suggestiveness of the genial warmth of approaching summer. A large assemblage gathered from eastern Maryland and from northern and eastern Virginia. The local

committee had estimated an attendance of not more than three hundred; the actual number present was, perhaps, not less than twenty-five hundred. It was a typical "Eastern Shore" gathering. All sorts of vehicles, from automobiles to mule carts, had come from farm, village and town, bringing their loads of interested spectators. This remarkable manifestation of local interest was as gratifying as it was unexpected. A special train, personally superintended by Mr. William A. Patton, president of the New York, Philadelphia and Norfolk Railroad, conveyed members of The Presbyterian Historical Society and above one hundred prominent Presbyterians from Philadelphia to the nearby Makemie Park Station.<sup>2</sup>

A covered stand had been erected on the bank of the creek not far from the Monument, in which those who were to take part in the ceremonies, and others, assembled. The exercises proceeded in the following order:

1. The Rev. Joseph B. North, LL. D., pastor of the Makemie Memorial Church, Snow Hill, Maryland, offered the Prayer of Invocation.

2. An Introductory Statement was made by the Rev. Henry C. McCook, D. D., who presided throughout the exercises.

3. A Commemorative Poem, by Dr. Henry van Dyke, of Princeton University, vice president of The Presbyterian Historical Society, who was unable to be present, was read by Professor De Benneville K. Ludwig, Ph. D., treasurer of the Makemie Monument Fund, and who has been for a quarter of a century the treasurer of The Presbyterian Historical Society. The sonnet was as follows:

<sup>2</sup> Interesting descriptions of the dedication of the monument, and incidents connected therewith, may be found in *The Presbyterian* of May 13, 1908, pp. 8 and 9, and May 20, 1908, pp. 20 and 21; *The Interior* of May 28, 1908, pp. 707 and 708; *The Westminster* of June 6, 1908, p. 9; and *The New York Observer* of June 25, 1908, pp. 825 and 826. In *The Westminster* of May 16, 1908, pp. 8 and 9, Dr. McCook tells "The Story of the Makemie Monument."

FRANCIS MAKEMIE,  
PRESBYTER TO CHRIST IN AMERICA 1683—1708.

To thee, plain hero of a rugged race,  
We bring a meed of praise too long delayed.  
Thy fearless word and faithful work have made  
The path of God's republic easier to trace  
In this New World: thou hast proclaimed the grace  
And power of Christ in many a woodland glade,  
Teaching the truth that leaves men unafraid  
Of tyrants' frowns, or chains, or death's dark face.

Oh, who can tell how much we owe to thee,  
Makemie, and to labors such as thine,  
For all that makes America the shrine  
Of faith untrammelled and of conscience free?  
Stand here, gray stone, and consecrate the sod  
Where sleeps this brave Scotch-Irish man of God!

4. The Scripture was read by Mr. William H. Scott, Chairman of the Executive Council of the Presbyterian Historical Society, from the Twenty-third Psalm, in which the audience was asked to join. It was noticed that the large assemblage seemed to unite as with one voice in reciting the psalm.

5. The national hymn, "America," announced by the Rev. J. N. McDowell, pastor of the Pitts Creek Church, of Pocomoke City, Maryland, was sung; the singing being led by a volunteer choir composed of representatives of the five original Makemie churches—Rehoboth, Makemie Memorial (Snow Hill), Pitts Creek (Pocomoke City), Manokin (Princess Anne) and Wicomico (Salisbury).

6. Mr. E. G. Polk, who has been for forty-five years a devoted elder of the Rehoboth Church, presented the following

**RECORD OF THE PURCHASE AND TRANSFER OF THE MAKEMIE  
PARK AND MONUMENT SITE.**

In speaking of the Makemie farm on which we are to-day assembled, I feel that I am talking of holy ground. There is no spot in all this broad continent that has a stronger claim upon the reverence of American Presbyterians.

Two hundred and fifty years ago this farm belonged to William Anderson, who was a wealthy and prominent farmer in Accomack County, Virginia, owning over one thousand acres between here and Jenkins' Bridge. This was his favorite plantation and home. Mr. Anderson, with the amiable desire to found family estates, provided very carefully in his will that this home plantation should continue in the line of descent. "Son Makemie" and daughter Naomi were evidently his favorite heirs; and whoever may live or die—"not any one of his heirs was to have any power or authority to sell, lease, let or by any ways or means to dispose of any part thereof out of the family."

Here his body was to have a decent Christian burial. There were no public burial grounds in those days, and family graveyards imparted value and sacredness to the home estates. How pathetic all this, when we think of the after history and the vandalism!

Mr. Anderson died in 1698 and bequeathed this home farm to Mr. and Mrs. Makemie.

Here our founder had won Naomi, his fair Virginia bride, and here their marriage vows were plighted. Here their two little girls, Elizabeth and Anne, were born; here their youthful footsteps played; and here the father, Francis Makemie, passed away in 1708 at the early age of fifty years. He, too, had become an extensive land-holder, but evidently this was also his favorite possession. After various bequests, he leaves this farm to wife and daughters to revert to "the longest liver." He arranges for a respectable resting-place—"committing my body to ye dust decently to be interred."

The older daughter, Elizabeth, who also died in 1708, sleeps by the side of her grandfather and father. The mother lived about twenty years longer, and then the younger daughter, Anne, became for many years the owner of the ancestral home. Three times married, three times a widow, Anne Makemie, Anne Blair, Anne King, Anne Holden, survived the American Revolution and died, a very old woman, in 1787. She occupied the home plantation for a time, but after a while built further up the creek at Jenkins' Bridge,



and there died. In her will, she left the original farm to John Milligan. Tradition says for his bravery in getting a company of men together and driving off the British, who were making their way to the rich widow's home. Madam Holden died childless, and William Anderson's dream was defeated; the family home and the family graves passed into the hands of aliens. After a while the tombstones crumbled, were broken down or were removed, their location became an uncertain tradition, and the cattle were stabled above their sites.

John Milligan willed this farm to his son John, and it passed from the latter to his son, James W. Milligan. It was next owned by Noah G. Duncan, who deeded it to Henry Miles in 1844. By him it was left to his son, William S. Miles, and entailed upon his children, H. P. and William J. Miles, from whom it was purchased by The Presbyterian Historical Society through E. G. Polk as agent.

Dr. McCook, backed by The Presbyterian Historical Society, visited "Makemieland" and kindled with his own zeal the zeal of others. There were difficulties in the way, but these difficulties gradually yielded. An effort was made to buy the cemetery tract alone, the owners being offered three times its intrinsic value. They would not sell a part, but offered to sell the whole farm. The farm, including the site of the ancient family home and graveyard, was finally bought, the price being \$3,000. Then, reserving the three acres covering the home site and graveyard and approaches, the remainder was sold to the present owner, John Cullen, a descendant of the original John Milligan, for the same amount, \$3,000; thus these treasured acres were secured.

And now the venerable graveyard and its hallowed environment, with right of access thereto, belong at last to Makemie's fairest daughter—the American Presbyterian Church.

7. Dr. L. P. Bowen, author of *The Days of Makemie*, delivered the

## HISTORICAL ADDRESS.

After speaking of Makemie's vision from the old country, Dr. Bowen said:

In 1675 Francis Makemie departs for Glasgow University during the bloody "killing time" in Scotland, and witnesses the fidelity unto torture and death of Scotia's martyrs. When the scarred veteran Drummond vouches for the piety and backbone of his protégé before the stanch Presbytery of Laggan in 1680, why should not the proud pastor enjoy fond visions of the mission of the young probationer in days to come?

I have a fine old Calvinistic thought for you now. Our story is more of God than of man. A letter, written by an adherent of the Anglican Church, is winging its way across the Atlantic from the banks of the Pocomoke—dark-watered little Pocomoke, cypress-wreathed, dreamy Pocomoke. It goes from the hand of a big-hearted Episcopalian in behalf of his Presbyterian neighbors, begging for a Presbyterian shepherd.

On the twenty-ninth day of December, 1680, that letter was read before the Presbytery of Laggan and God had young Francis there to hear it. What were his dreams that night!

Brethren, put off the shoes from your feet, for you are in the presence of the Burning Bush. You can hardly take a step on this lower peninsula without touching sacred dust. All honor to the noble colonial official, William Stevens! Yonder, on his old Rehoboth plantation, patented with its Bible title away back in 1665, his name still legible upon the faithful slab, he sleeps. At his house, in 1672, George Fox, the founder of the English Quakers, preached to whites and Indians. There, the same year, by the appointment of the grand jury, with the Scotch Presbyterian, David Brown, as foreman, religious services were held statedly by Robert Maddux. And there, undoubtedly, in the most thickly populated part of the county, and where all Christian worshipers were welcomed by the broad-minded proprietor, as a matter

of course, our pioneer sent for by Stevens and his neighbors had his first hearing in that center, and delivered his inaugural.

Was that sermon on the text from which he had preached before his Presbytery (I Tim. 1:5), "Now the end of the commandment is charity out of a pure heart and of a good conscience and of faith unfeigned"? Or was it that other of his trial sermons (Matt. 11:28), "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest"? Or was it the sermon he preached at Burt, April 2, 1682, the last mention of him in Ireland (Luke 13:3), "I tell you Nay, but except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish"? These three texts cover broad territories.

In ancient days a strip of land along the Mediterranean, not much unlike this peninsula, was chosen by the Great Manager as the repository of His oracles. In the bloody seventeenth century did not the same Sovereign God point to the secluded Eastern Shore as the rendezvous of His doctrines? Thus our contemplative little Pocomoke claimed kinship with the streams of Ulster and Caledonia and Palestine, as certainly in the Divine counsels as Gihon, Pison, Hiddekel and Euphrates.

Was the expectant Presbytery of Laggan itself upon the prophetic mount and facing westward while young Francis was taking his vows, giving "distinct and positive answers to the questions usually proposed for showing soundness in the faith, and adhering to the truth professed in the Reformed Churches against Popery, Arminianism, Prelacy, Erastianism, Independency, and whatever else is contrary to sound doctrine; and also a resolution to adhere to the Covenant?" No false note there!

Thus armored, the young theologian of twenty-five years plants the blue banner, in 1683, upon American soil; here where the quaint old territories, with their sunny coves and green marshes and white beaches and blue skies and sylvan nooks and old-fashioned ways and reverence for the fathers should be God's witnesses forever. I hear the echo of the ancient Scripture, "And he removed from thence [Sitnah,

hatred], and digged another well; and for that they strove not: and he called the name of it Rehoboth; and he said, For now the Lord hath made room for us, and we shall be fruitful in the land." Gen. 26:22.

And, now, two centuries and a quarter afterwards, I am answering the question historically, Who and what was Francis Makemie? Amid the music of his rivers, amid the traditions of his forests, why, under the chivalrous leadership of Henry C. McCook, Emerson G. Polk and John S. McMaster, are we dedicating this memorial, tardy but in reverence, here to-day?

1. Our hero was a qualified witness-bearer to the content; he was a man of God. I emphasize the title, for so was Moses and so was Elijah and so was David. Friends said to me, "Fling away that manuscript and make a simple address." But my intention is to make Makemie himself the foremost speaker in this service, and let his own utterances be heard.

Here is a nugget of autobiographical gold: "Ere I received the imposition of hands in that scriptural and orderly separation unto my holy and ministerial calling, I gave inquiring satisfaction to godly, learned and judicious men, of a work of grace wrought in my heart at fifteen years of age, by and through the diligence of a godly schoolmaster, who used no small diligence in gaining tender souls to God's service and fear; since which time, to the glory of his free grace be it spake, I have had the sure experiences of His infinite and unerring wisdom to my unspeakable comfort." A regenerate boyhood; a consecrated manhood!

2. He was an educated herald, not a novice; a workman that needed not to be ashamed. The University of Glasgow and a cultured Presbytery had left wholesome stamp upon mind and mission. Of his Church he rather boasts, "They are highly for school education and learning and academical accomplishments." He interests himself in establishing schools and better advantages for the young colonials. He says, "The advantage of early instruction is witnessed by the experience of many godly of all ages." Evidently he is

inspired by the memory of that godly schoolmaster who led his young pupil to Christ.

What would we not give for one copy of that Catechism which he composed and sowed among the Eastern Shore pines, defending its tenets against all assailants. Of our peninsular literary gardens a Presbyterian Catechism was the first blossom.

3. Who and what was Francis Makemie? He was a Calvinist through and through—as erect and sturdy as a basaltic column in the Giant's Causeway of his native Erin. He bears witness against all laxity in doctrine, declaring that “latitudinarian principles are usually followed by an answerable practice.” The orthodoxy which here found its habitat was as blue as the bluebells of Scotland. So we hear our Pioneer saying, “Though I owe not my birth to that kingdom, yet having read many of their books, heard several of their ministers for several years on all doctrines of the Christian religion, and having always with me their Confession of Faith and their Catechisms, I do confess myself fully of their sentiments in this (that is, election) and all other doctrines of faith; and in God's strength I shall never swerve nor prevaricate.” There he stands!

He tells us that in his Catechism he embodied, “The judgment of all my brethren; and particularly of those of the Westminster Assembly, both in the Larger and Shorter Catechism.”

Said Cornbury to his prisoner in New York, “You shall not spread your pernicious doctrines here!” Straight as one of the pines on his Holden's Creek plantation, he answers, “As for our doctrines, my lord, we have our Confession of Faith, which is known to the Christian world, and I challenge all the clergy of York to show us any false or pernicious doctrine therein!” Paul before Agrippa compromised no less than he. Elsewhere he calls the great Genevan “Holy Calvin.” Such was the pabulum upon which Rehoboth, the Elect Lady of the churches, and her group of sisters, were fed—as pure as the breath of the myrtle, as invigorating as the ozone of the seas. And like

their founder, the altars of this lower peninsula have never swerved nor prevaricated! At Onancock, Drummondtown, Bay View, Belle Haven, Snow Hill, Pitts Creek, Pocomoke, Monoken, Rockawalkin, Wicomico, Buckingham and Rehoboth, John Calvin and John Knox and Francis Makemie still hold the fort!

4. Who and what was he? He was a partner in Paul's tent-making; a man of affairs; the unique man for the times. He refused to be a burden to the impoverished exiles. To the cavils of George Heith he answers proudly, "Whatever others have done, I dare affirm I never bargained with any people for a maintenance, and have oft refused money freely offered."

Cornbury writes pettishly to the London authorities, "He is a Jack-at-all-trades; he is a preacher, a doctor of physic, a merchant, an attorney, a counsellor-at-law, and, which is worst of all, a disturber of governments." Evidently one functionary of government had been disturbed!

In 1705 he writes to Governor Nott of Virginia urging measures for "promoting and encouraging education and virtue, checking and discountenancing vice or immorality in all, from the highest to the lowest, by the example of a severe and virtuous conversation in governors and counsellors; and promoting a reformation of manners, in putting all our penal laws in due execution, and in propagating the true knowledge of the Christian religion to all pagans, whether Indians or negroes; all of which has been lamentably neglected."

To Cornbury's category of Makemie's accomplishments, he might have added statesman. At first he could not recommend the wilderness to others. In 1684 he writes, "My friends in Ireland I design to be very cautious in inviting to any place in America I have yet seen."

The fascinations of our old Eastern Shore and the smiles of Naomi Anderson had not yet left their impress. But hear him in 1705: "I need not inform you what an excellent and desirable country you inhabit;" and on he goes waxing enthusiastic over the climate, the clear air, the fertile soil, the

vegetables, the orchards, the land "capable of superlative improvement," he says, and the spacious Chesapeake, which he declares "a Bay not to be outdone in the universe."

5. Who and what was Francis Makemie? He was the bold and successful champion of religious liberty. Our St. Patrick was to have another tussle with the snakes. Did that Moses of the Emerald Isle foresee the Scotch-Irish blood peopling America with patriots, unearthing the diamond of toleration and giving five Presidents to a vast republic religiously untrammelled? To help in the ripening of the Declaration of Independence, it is said that an old pamphlet was reprinted, entitled "A Narrative of a New and Unusual Imprisonment of Two Presbyterian Ministers, By a Learner of Law and Lover of Liberty."

Need I say who was this learner of law and lover of liberty? After the organization of the mother Presbytery in Philadelphia, he starts for Boston and preaches in New York. He and his companion, John Hampton, are arrested, brow-beaten by the corrupt governor and thrust for six weeks into prison. There is no established church in that colony, but in spite of that fact, contrary to all laws, an obsequious grand jury finds an indictment. Challenging trial and four hundred miles from home, the hearing is tyrannically deferred from March till June. They are compelled to pay costs and are released on bail.

Undoubtedly Cornbury means to worry him out of his dominion, never to return. He does not yet know his plucky victim. June comes and Regulus is back in Carthage! That blue-eyed, fair-haired, light-complexioned knight of Ulster is on his mettle. This first American legal fight for freedom of conscience must not go by default. Our Luther again faces the Diet of Worms. He employs counsel, but largely conducts his own defense, confusing the prosecutor, puzzling the judge and capturing the jury. He is again fleeced for all the costs, \$400. But he is not down. Hear him:

"We cannot, we dare not be silent at this juncture, but are bound to let both Europe and America know the first prosecution of this kind there ever was in America; which

we hope from the merits of the case, manner and proceeding and its unsuccessfulness will never be drawn into precedent in our quiet and peaceable wilderness."

He knows how to use the printing press. That telltale pamphlet emblazons the outrage and the verdict. The next New York Legislature makes such another prosecution impossible. Soon the profligate, spendthrift governor is displaced, arrested for debt and imprisoned in the same rooms where he had incarcerated the preachers—justice, poetic and divine! When our Cœur de Lion got back to Holden's Creek from the Holy War, did the sea breezes breathe prophecies of the days of '76?

For thereby hangs a tale. In the logical aftertimes, Makemie's surviving daughter, our revered Madam Anne Holden, she who as a little girl had wept over her father's wrongs in the North, now a gray-haired woman of wealth and influence, three times wedded, three times widowed, lives on through the days of the Revolutionary struggle, harassed by British gunboats in her Holden's Creek home, no patriot stancher than she!—a chip off the old block! In God's providence, the last of the blood of Makemie had lived to hear the last guns of the war at Yorktown; to rejoice over the surrender of Cornwallis, and to see the twin brilliants of civil and religious liberty in their perfected luster. Dying, she leaves her signet upon a will bequeathing her father's broad acres pointedly to the friends of American independence. Makemie was still in the saddle!

And now all hail, church of his love; his fairest child and heir! Come and lay your chaplets upon his burial place. Walk reverently, for here his venturous and often weary footsteps trod. See where he planned his wide evangelistic campaigns. See where he dreamed his dreams of great states and of Presbyteries and Synods and General Assemblies! See where he won his bride and where his two little girls were born! See where the mourners gathered after a while and within yonder vanished brick wall laid away the worn-out frame at fifty years old to its repose. "Committing my body," he said one April day, "to ye dust



decently to be interred, and my immortal soul to an Almighty and Most Merciful God in hopes of a glorious and blessed resurrection unto eternal salvation."

Then, before that year of 1708 is fully out, Elizabeth, the firstborn, comes and lies down by her father's side. A few years more and she whose name he embalms upon the court records as his "dear and well-beloved wife," claims her place in the family burying ground. A lapse of decades and the second-born, Anne, very old and decrepit, the century almost gone, is gathered to her fathers. And they are all here.

Who then was left to care for the grave of Makemie? O desolate Eastern Shore graveyards, more populous than the concourses of the living; no sighs but the sighs of the pines, no wails but the wails of the northeasters, no watchers but the angels!

"The harp that once through Tara's halls  
The soul of music shed,  
Now hangs as mute as Tara's walls  
As if that soul were fled!"

And that old brick enclosure, built to protect the dead, crumbled; and the broken marble slabs were carried off for whetstones!

"O lonely tomb in Moab's land!  
O dark Bethpeor's hill!  
Speak to these curious hearts of ours,  
And teach them to be still.  
God hath His mysteries of grace,  
Ways that we cannot tell;  
He hides them deep, like the hidden sleep  
Of him He loved so well!"

There came the sound of a going as in the tops of the waving pines. The buried sleepers in Accomack were yet to be remembered. Did I say that all his children were in that disintegrated brick wall? Filial hearts would yet rebloom and explorers would find the hidden sepulcher. Like the woman of the parable, rejoicing over her recovered dowry and calling her neighbors together to share the sparkle of

her treasure, so Makemie's surviving heiress would here celebrate the legacy of sacred dust rediscovered, and would dedicate her memorial to face the centuries, like the faithful cairns and cromlechs consecrated by the Druids in prehistoric days to the heroic dead in the Green Isle, familiar to young Francis from his boyhood.

7. A Commemorative Hymn, written by the Rev. Dr. McCook, was announced by the Rev. Lewis R. Watson, pastor of the Manokin Church, and sung to the tune of "Park Street":

GOD OF THINE ANCIENT SAINTS.

God of Thine ancient saints, Thy hand  
Upheld them all the days of old;  
Through pathless seas, o'er desert land,  
Thou leddest them to field and fold.

Thou art the same to-day as then;  
And here, as by old Egypt's sea;  
Thou leadest still the sons of men  
By chosen souls endowed by Thee.

We praise Thee for their deeds of worth,  
For all their love, and hope, and faith  
That overleaped the ends of earth  
And braved embattled hosts of death.

From Thee they caught th' inspiring fire  
That kindled in their hearts the flame  
Of holy zeal, and high desire  
To win a world to know Thy name.

In honoring them we hallow Thee;  
We worship Thee where'er we raise  
In grateful love and memory  
A pious tribute to their praise.

Breathe on Thy Church, O Holy Ghost,  
The gifts Thy saints heroic bore!  
Their faithful lives we honor most  
When serving Him whom saints adore.

8. John S. McMaster, Esq., of Jersey City, New Jersey, then delivered the following address:

## "MAKEMIELAND."

For the new name of Makemie Park for the railroad station nearest to this monument, and for this happy and appropriate name of Makemieland, so descriptive of this field of Makemie's chief labors, we are indebted to Rev. Dr. Henry C. McCook, who has been our leader in this last successful effort in the matter of this monument and park to the memory of Makemie.

As we have so full a programme and so brief a time for these exercises, and a train awaiting many who are to return to Philadelphia and other distant points to-day, I can but merely refer to some of the matters suggested by my inspiring and broad subject.

Though limited to the territory in the vicinity of this monument, where Makemie established his first churches, and where he last lived and died, the name "Makemieland" suggests also the early home of Makemie in Ireland, and where he lived and labored elsewhere, and particularly much of the history of Maryland and Virginia, most of which, however interesting and appropriate, I must omit.

As we feel most grateful for the perfect weather here to-day, the variety of transportation many of us have used to get here, the unusually lovely spring appearance of the fields and woods and waters, and the songs of the many birds hereabouts, we first extend a real Eastern Shore welcome to the more than two thousand people gathered here to-day to honor our Makemie, the founder of the organized Presbyterian Church in America. And especially do we so welcome those faithful and enthusiastic ones who come to us to-day from afar, on perhaps the largest and finest special train that ever came to "Makemieland." They have, by their up-to-date schedule, made Makemie Park but a suburb of blue stocking Philadelphia. They have seen from the car windows but a fraction of the beauty, wealth and charm of this Delaware, Maryland and Virginia peninsula, which we affectionately call the "Eastern Shore," for to see it well, and as we know it, they should have made this trip by balloon. Had

they done so, they would have then seen what that graceful and noble bird just now flying high above us sees, namely, a long strip of land running north and south, well covered with evergreen and other woods, with fertile fields and meadows and many towns and hamlets and a network of railroad and boat routes and an unusually thickly settled farming community, making almost a continuous town throughout the entire length of this peninsula.

Also on the east and west sides are to be seen countless islands, rivers and creeks of wonderful variety, many of which are quite as charming as the "Little Rivers" of which Dr. van Dyke so charmingly writes. The most of these are veritable mines of wealth in their fullness of fish and oysters and other water products; and along their shores and meadows are countless game and other birds—a sportsman's paradise—besides most of the insects and plants so dear to Dr. McCook.

Moreover, on the east side is the great Atlantic Ocean and on the west side the glorious Chesapeake Bay, and each so near and so convenient of access from any part of the peninsula. Then on the south side is the magnificent entrance to the Chesapeake Bay, through which John Smith and his followers sailed in 1607, and whose extensive harbor at Old Point makes even the fine harbor at New York seem small. Then, I must not forget to add, that on the north side are Wilmington and Philadelphia. No wonder that Smith and Makemie thought that hereabouts would be the chief settlements on the Atlantic coast! Smith, more than three hundred years ago, explored and charted the Pocomoke Sound and River we are now looking upon from this monument site.

No part of "Makemieland" is more beautiful than the very southern tip of it at Cape Charles, about sixteen miles south of the present railroad station of that name, which choice bit of land is owned by Hon. John S. Wise, of New York, the eminent writer, son of Henry A. Wise, the Civil War governor of Virginia. Governor Wise was a native of this County of Accomack, and one of its most eminent and in-

teresting citizens of national repute. He always loved the many charms of "Makemieland."

Whilst most other parts of our country are beautiful in summer, when the foliage is out, our "Makemieland" is quite as beautiful in a sense in winter by reason of its many ever-green woods, some of which are extraordinarily beautiful and attractive. This peninsula has never been seriously devastated by war or other calamity. It is now, with the exception of New Castle County, Delaware, an entirely Prohibition section, and has an unusually small percentage of citizens of foreign birth.

Truly, our "Makemieland" is a land of milk and honey, and the home of a happy and contented people! I have often heard my father forcefully say in his mature days, after he had lived in this section more than half a century and had traveled much in the United States, that it was his honest conviction that this Eastern Shore was nearer the good place, and further from the bad place, than any other region he had ever seen or heard of; and such is, confidentially, really the conviction, away down in our hearts, of most of us who are natives of this section. Indeed, most of us who are living elsewhere are always a little homesick for this old home.

There are those, however, who, half seriously and half in fun, say that it is also true of this section that "here you can live on nothing, and make less." These last, we know, are much in error, for whilst one can live cheaply and there is unusual healthfulness—due, mainly, to abundant pine woods, fairly high ground and salt waters and hygienic living—I am reliably informed that this whole peninsula is in excellent financial condition, and that in this very County of Accomack, whilst no one is greatly wealthy, the per capita wealth is greater than in any county in the United States.

To absorb, however, the most charming spirit of "Makemieland" you will need to tarry here for a few days, and drive through this lower peninsula to many of the old colonial homes hereabouts, which are, as a rule, situate away from

the railroad and mostly down the little necks of land covered with Christmas tree woods, and between the water courses. Many of these places are in excellent condition and are affectionately owned by those to whose ancestors they were granted by the crown nearly three hundred years ago. They have never gone out of the family, who still have faithfully serving them old slaves who have never left their old homes.

Here we find, also, chiefly the old type of English homes and the Englishman's love for the old place and desire to keep it in the family. The very names, even, of these old colonial places and their owners are suggestive of the best in the history of our country.

Would that I had time to speak fully of Colonel William Stevens, who first sent to Ireland for our beloved Makemie, and who held the patent from the crown for all that great section of "Makemieland" from the capes of the Delaware to within a mile of this monument; whose public services were so prominent and great, and whose grave is near Makemie's beloved Rehoboth Church, in Maryland, just over the Maryland and Virginia lines, and almost within sight of where we are now standing. Near Stevens' grave is the grave of the interesting and distinguished Madam Hampton, sister-in-law of Madam Holden, and, like her, three times married.

Hours of interesting and profitable talk could also be given concerning Beverly, the Dennis homestead, one of the oldest and perhaps the finest in this section, on the charming and historic Pocomoke River, about midway between this monument and the old Rehoboth Church. Much, also, would I like to say, did time permit, about the various historical homes hereabouts—of the great Custis family, Mount Custis and Deep Creek, in this county, and Mount Arlington in the adjoining County of Northampton, for which last place the well-known and distinguished Custis-Lee homestead, now known as Mount Arlington National Cemetery, opposite Washington, D. C., is named. Nor must I omit the several charming colonial homes on the several creeks near Eastville,

in Northampton County, in whose court house are the oldest continuous court records in the United States.

Also would I tell of some of the early preachers who kept the altars burning in these first Makemie churches hereabouts, some of whose descendants are gladly here to-day. Rankin, of Berlin; Ker, of Princess Anne; and McMaster, of Rehoboth, Snow Hill and Pitts Creek. Also of Madam Holden, the interesting, wealthy and distinguished daughter and last descendant of our Makemie, whose first home was on this spot, and whose second home is the large frame old colonial house, near by, on this same plantation, which afterwards became the Fletcher homestead, and where was born Hon. Dr. Frank Fletcher, who is to be the custodian of this monument.

From the will and deeds of Madam Holden on record in this county appear her great love for Makemieland, and that she was quite rich for her day in lands and slaves, and decidedly patriotic and anti-Tory, after the fashion of the Scotch-Irish of all time. The considerations in many of the deeds show not sales for money, but gifts for being patriotic; and for her slaves she humanely provided that the old and infirm should be pensioned, and that such as were to be sold should be sold in families only, and that they should have the choice of masters; and that if removed from this section of Makemieland, their old home, across the bay, they should be freed.

In this way, also, would I like to bring to life, so to speak, many other distinguished natives of this portion of Makemieland—such as Stephen Decatur, a native of Berlin, and the naval hero of Tripoli; the two Colonels Handy of Princess Anne and Snow Hill, who were on the staffs of Washington and Light Horse Harry Lee, father of Gen. Robert E. Lee, at the battle of Paulus Hook, near my law office in Jersey City; and Gen. John Cropper, of this County of Accomack, whose home, Bowman's Folly, near here on the ocean side, has always been one of the show places of this section, and where is most melodiously blended the music of the pines and the nearby surf—the rare music we Eastern Shore men so

much love. At and near General Cropper's home are also the native homesteads of the Wises, Baylys, Joynes and other leading families, who have furnished, and still are furnishing, their full share of our country's great men and women.

When Washington, during the Revolutionary War, called for troops from Virginia, it was Gen. John Cropper, of this county, who raised the first troops in Virginia and marched them up this peninsula as far as Morristown, New Jersey, where Washington had his headquarters. When his distinguished war services were over, he returned to his beautiful Accomac home more in love with it than ever. He there lies buried in a well-marked grave.

Dr. Bowen, who influenced the movement for this Makemie monument by his historical romance, *The Days of Makemie*, has told us therein and to-day, so much about Makemie and his labors and times that I need not tell more.

My great-grandfather, Rev. Samuel McMaster, was the last pastor of Madam Holden, Makemie's distinguished daughter. She made him one of her executors and a beneficiary under her will. His first and only charge for thirty-five years was the Makemie churches at Rehoboth, Snow Hill and Pitts Creek, with his residence near the Pitts Creek Church in Maryland, just over the Maryland and Virginia line. This church was the one mostly attended by Madam Holden. He, like Makemie, also married an Accomac lady, a Miss Gillet, and I have no doubt that until his death in 1811, nearly one hundred years ago, he saw that this Makemie family burial ground was kept in good condition.

I well remember that when my father and Dr. Bowen, as detailed in *The Days of Makemie*, visited this spot about thirty years ago, my father's indignation at the desecration of Makemie's grave hardly knew any bounds. He longed to send out a general alarm at once and acquaint our whole great Church with this desecration and have it at once redeem the place. From these, therefore, of my own household, has this love for Makemie and our Church been bred in my very bones. Few know how glad I have been to aid Dr. McCook and others in bringing about what we to-day celebrate.



I know, however, despite the desecration of this grave for these many years past, that the great body of the people in this section have always loved and esteemed Makemie and delighted to honor his memory. This is evidenced in many ways, and not the least by the several Makemie memorial churches hereabouts at Snow Hill, Accomac Court House and Onancock, the last named being called Naomi in honor of Mrs. Makemie; and the constant association of him with dear old Rehoboth, the land for which church he gave, and which seems to have been his most beloved church. This is the church which he served until his death, and for which a Makemie Memorial Endowment is being raised, and of which our Rev. Dr. Bowen is the pastor.

It gives me pleasure to say also, just here, that the Presbyterian Church, built a few years ago at Wachaprague in this county, was built by a descendant, who is with us to-day, of the famous Rev. Walter Ker, who is buried in the graveyard of his time—old Tennent Church, in New Jersey. He was the father of Rev. Jacob Ker, who served the Princess Anne Church so long during the Revolutionary War period; and was, like so many who first settled in "Makemieland," a refugee from Europe for conscience sake.

The monument we dedicate to-day, upon the two hundredth anniversary of his death, marks the site of the last home, and, indeed, the only home of his married life, and the last resting place of Francis Makemie. What a fortunately located spot it was for him! In dear old Virginia, the home of his wife; and in close sight of dear old Maryland, the home of most of his first churches! In his day, too, it was quite important that it was also in sight of, but free from harm from, hostile vessels, and of convenient access by land and water; near what he thought might be the greatest population on the Atlantic Coast, and suggesting no anxiety as to food, being of fertile soil, easily cultivated, with waters teeming with fish and wild fowl, and a healthful air cooled in summer by the refreshing breezes of the nearby waters, and warmed and cheered in winter by the evergreen woods.

Words fail us in our attempt to thank Dr. McCook and

The Presbyterian Historical Society, of which he is the President, for this noble monument, and this unusually successful dedication of it and its three-acre park so tastefully enclosed. I speak for all here assembled, and for our Church at large, when I say that this is not a monument merely to Presbyterianism, however dear that is to many of us, but is a monument to all Christian churches of every denomination. It is not for "Makemieland" alone, but for every land whose God is our God. All the good people in this section welcome and are thankful for this monument and park, and will use their best endeavors to have them kept always in excellent condition.

It will be a Mecca to which very many will come in the future; many coming in the flesh, and others in the spirit, for through pictures and descriptions it will be known of throughout the Christian world.

Like the beautiful and touching crosses erected by the English king to mark the several spots where the body of his dead queen rested on its long, primitive march to the grave, this monument is to us also a "Charing Cross," which marks the last resting place of one very dear to us all.

We see before us to-day the completed monument and park. The work has been well done, and I can only suggest that in the future, like the great monuments of Washington in Richmond, and of Napoleon in Paris, there might appropriately be built around this monument others of Makemie's followers—some of the old time preachers, and others, and especially of Dr. Bowen and Dr. McCook, whose lives have been happily and anxiously spared to accomplish this, their great labor of love.

It has aided in uniting our Church, North and South, and it will aid all our churches of every denomination everywhere and for all time, and particularly those in this community. It is more than a monument to Francis Makemie. It is a monument to the cause of Christ everywhere.

9. The Dedicatory Prayer was offered by Dr. W. W. Moore, president of the Union Theological Seminary, Richmond, Virginia, and who, a few days later, was selected

Moderator of the Assembly of the Southern Presbyterian Church, and was in part as follows: We thank Thee for his enlightened conscience and his dauntless courage; for his bold defiance of tyranny and his manly assertion of the rights of God's freemen. We thank Thee for his unequivocal, "Here I stand; I can none other, God help me." We rejoice in him as the morning star of that religious liberty whose noonday light now shines on all this western world. We thank Thee for that vine of the Lord's own planting whose roots were set in this soil through his labors, and whose grateful shade and life-giving fruit have since overspread the wide continent. We thank Thee for the abiding principles for which he stood, such that when the issue was joined as to the political freedom of this people, it was given to the men of our faith, his spiritual offspring, to lead the van and win the victory and mould the form of the government of this republic.

10. At the close of the prayer, Mr. John McIlhenney, of Philadelphia, representing The Scotch-Irish Society of Pennsylvania, handed the keys of the park to the Hon. Frank Fletcher, M. D., of Jenkins Bridge, Virginia, the honorary custodian of the park and monument, and said:

I was selected as the representative of The National Scotch-Irish Society of America to deliver to the care and keeping of the State of Virginia this monument erected here to the memory of the Rev. Francis Makemie. I accepted the honor with pleasure, doubting at the same time my ability fittingly to perform the duty.

The Rev. Alexander G. Lecky, who has written the history of the Laggan Presbytery and its Presbyterianism, says that Makemie was the first Presbyterian minister from Ireland who settled in America, and that he came from the County of Donegal and the old church in the town of Ramelton. This is of special interest to me, for my maternal ancestors were members of the congregation when Makemie was there, and have held the same pew for more than two hundred years in unbroken succession, it standing in the same family name to-day. It was a big square pew, in which the youngsters

sat facing the older members of the family, where a watchful eye could be kept on them. You may be sure that none but Rous's version of the Psalms of David was sung there to some of the twelve inspired tunes.

On the south side of the City Hall in Philadelphia the New England Society has erected the statue of a Puritan, not in memory of any particular man, but to commemorate the typical Puritan. Every time I pass it, I mentally take off my hat to that splendid, stalwart, determined representative of a race of men who have made so much history and have done so much in this country.

While the monument we dedicate here to-day is in memory of Francis Makemie, I believe that it is in some degree also typical of the race from which he sprang, and commemorates the mighty host of his race who followed him to this country, who so prominently helped to mould the destinies of the colonies; and, after the colonies, the nation.

The New England Puritan has been much more prolific and fortunate than the cavalier or the Scotch-Irish in producing men of ability, as writers of history and poetry, who have given to the world in song and story the virtues and achievements of New England. When will the Scotch-Irish have a Parkman, or a John Fiske, to tell the story of their achievements and influence in shaping the destinies of this country? The Scotch-Irish Society of America has published ten volumes of the proceedings of ten congresses held in different parts of the country, all historical, which to some extent has let the world know something about our race in Scotland, Ireland and America, and no correct history of the early settlement of America can be written without reference to those books. Five of the ten congresses were held in the South, and some of them were remarkable gatherings. During the three days of the meeting in Columbia, Tennessee, it has been said that ten thousand people were present; and it was stated at the time of the Louisville Scotch-Irish Congress that Dr. Hall preached to the largest congregation which had ever assembled there.

While speaking of the Society on the soil of Virginia, I

would like to tell the people present that one of its chief purposes was to unite the North and South in stronger bonds of brotherhood and unity, and to promote peace and love between brethren who had been estranged. It unquestionably succeeded to some extent, and the seed planted will, I hope, keep growing stronger and stronger.

If there are any here who have not the good fortune to know Dr. Henry C. McCook, I will say that we from Pennsylvania entertain for him the highest esteem and respect. As a scientist, his reputation is well known beyond the confines of his own country; and in his own country he is well known as minister, scientist, author, patriot and poet. To him we are largely indebted for the privilege of being present at the dedication of this monument to Makemie. Dr. McCook started the movement, and, in the face of much discouragement, carried it through to success. He raised every dollar it cost, and, at no little expenditure of time and labor, made all negotiations and watched the work from beginning to end.

We think it possible that many people do not stop long enough from their affairs and business to consider how great Virginia is, how well she is entitled to be called, "Mother of States and Statesmen." She has been the empire builder, if I may use this term, of the great nation which is now happily united under one flag, commanding the admiration and respect of all her own people, and, we believe, mankind.

It was Governor Patrick Henry, of Virginia, who sent George Rodgers Clark and his two hundred riflemen from the Valley of Virginia to rescue the great northwest territory, which now comprises five of the most important states of the Union that received them as a gift from Virginia. It was a son of Virginia, then President, who negotiated the Louisiana purchase and added that immense territory to the country. It was also a son of Virginia, General Sam Houston, who brought the empire State of Texas into the Union, and incidentally brought about the purchase from Mexico of California, Arizona and New Mexico. More than half the

republic was acquired and brought under the Stars and Stripes by the State of Virginia or her sons.

Then what shall we say of her statesmen? Washington, the Father of his Country, one of the greatest men of all time, was her son. Henry, Jefferson, Monroe, Madison and a host of others; and, in later times, Robert E. Lee and Stonewall Jackson. Only an intellectual and high type of people could produce such men.

In placing this monument under your care and keeping we know that the people of this county are Virginians, who will see, if possible, that no harm is done to it; but, if in course of time, some vandal hand injures or defaces it, we feel sure it will not be the hand of a Virginian. We, therefore, with the utmost confidence, consign to your care this memorial of Francis Makemie, to mark this spot as his last resting place as long as marble and granite endure.

Dr. Fletcher accepted the trust in the following words:

After all that has been said, and so well said, by the distinguished gentlemen who have preceded me, prudence would suggest it were better if I receive this memorial with as few words as possible.

Francis Makemie passed much of his life in this county. He married here, died and was buried here; and while he left no direct descendants to be here to-day, he left his impress upon the minds and upon the hearts of the people of this country—an impress that will be even more durable than this monument, and an influence and movement for good that will go on increasing as time passes.

And now, in the name of the people of Accomack County, I accept this Monument. May its location in our midst be an object lesson and an inspiration for all that is best and good within us!

11. The assemblage then left the stand and gathered about the monument, which was covered with the national colors. It was unveiled by the Rev. John A. McKamy, of Nashville, Tennessee, Associate Editor of *The Westminster Teacher*. Mr. McKamy represented a branch of the Makemie family.

Francis Makemie left no lineal descendants. Enthusiastic cheers followed the unveiling of the monument.

13. The old Hundredth Psalm was announced by the Rev. Wilson T. M. Beale, pastor of the Wicomico, Maryland, Church. After the singing of the Psalm, the Benediction was pronounced by the Rev. Benjamin L. Agnew, D. D., Secretary of the Presbyterian Board of Ministerial Relief.

A tardy honor had been fittingly bestowed; the company dispersed to the homes of the living; and the monument, boldly outlined in the glow of the declining sun, was left in charge of its sacred trust.

On the monument is the following inscription:

ERECTED IN GRATITUDE TO GOD  
And in grateful remembrance of His servant and minister  
FRANCIS MAKEMIE

who was born in Ramelton, County Donegal, Ireland, A. D. 1658 (?), was educated at Glasgow University, Scotland, and came as an ordained Evangelist to the American Colonies A. D. 1683 at the request of Col. William Stevens, of Rehoboth, Maryland. A devoted and able preacher of our Lord's Gospel, he labored faithfully and freely for twenty-five years in Maryland, Virginia, the Barbadoes and elsewhere. A Christian gentleman, an enterprising man of affairs, a public-spirited citizen, a distinguished advocate of Religious Liberty, for which he suffered under the Governor of New York, he is especially remembered as

THE CHIEF FOUNDER OF ORGANIZED PRESBYTERY IN AMERICA, A. D. 1706,  
AND AS THE FIRST MODERATOR OF THE GENERAL PRESBYTERY.

He died at his home, whose site is nearby, in Accomack County, Virginia, in the summer of A. D. 1708, and was buried in his family cemetery, located on this spot, now recovered from a long desecration and dedicated with this monument to his memory A. D. 1908 by the American "Presbyterian Historical Society," seated at Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.